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NUTTING SONG ¹

CLINTON SCOLLARD

ELEANOR SMITH

mf With spirit.

1. Now the frost has burst the burr, Now you hear the squir-rel's chirr,
2. That is where the chest-nuts be, There the ha-zel com-pa-ny,

(The bass part may be sung as a melody.)

f

Faith! the lad's a dolt, my mas-ters, Who's a la-zy loi-ter-er!
There the but-ter-nut and beech-nut, And the sup-ple hick-o-ry.

p SOLO. SOPRANO. *p*

Hark! the air-y pi-pers play, West-wind and the South are they,
Syl-via, come, the sun is high, With our bas-ket, you and I,

¹ From *The High School of Vocal Music* (Silver, Burdette & Co.).

Hear the tru-ant twain a - pip-ing "O'er the hills and far a - way!"
Shall we not the quest ad-ven-ture? Shall we not our for-tune try?

CHORUS.

Now the frost has burst the burr, Now you hear the squir-rel's whirr,

f Faith! the lad's a dolt, my mas-ters, Who's a la - zy loi - ter - er!
Poco rit.